

Something to Think About on This Labor Day

AMBROSE BIERCE, the California cynic, was once called upon, at a banquet in San Francisco, to propose the toast, "The Laboring Man," whereupon he rose and said:

"I now ask you to drink to the laboring man, whom we all honor—and avoid."

Bierce's sneer was intended for the speakers who had been extravagantly lauding the dignity and honor of labor, and most of whom would not have walked down Market street with a hodcarrier or a bricklayer or a street sweeper in his overalls. In a way, the sneer was justifiable.

Most men and women who have means and who dress well, dine well and live in fine houses, avoid association with other men and women who are poor, who do not dress well, who do not dine well and who do not live in fine houses.

But then, on the other hand, most poor men and poor women do not care to associate with rich men and rich women. They are not comfortable in the company and surroundings of the rich. And the rule works both ways.

The fact seems to be that we all do recognize the necessity of labor, and the credit due to those who do the labor, but are all more than willing that the other fellow should do it and have the credit.

Of course, we use the word labor in its common meaning, which is labor that must be done by the clock and for wages.

As a matter of fact, nearly every American does labor—and the rich man often works far harder than the poor man—that frequently being the real reason that he is rich.

The fundamental distinction seems to be that one works at what he wants to and at what he likes to do, while the other works because he must and at what he can get to do. On top of which is the other difference that one is his own boss and the other is not.

We do not see how this difference is to be abolished, so long as men are not cut to the same pattern of physical and mental capacities.

Mr. Carpentier may be an engaging young man, but Mr. Dempsey will whip him any time they argue with their fists.

The man with the hoe may be everything that is good, but the man with the executive ability will hire the man with the hoe and sit in the shade while the other sweats in the sun.

Mr. Gompers heatedly denies that labor is a commodity, but that is because Mr. Gompers confuses labor and the laborer.

The laborer is not a commodity, of course, but the labor which he contributes to the common stock of wealth is a commodity. It is for sale, just as much as peaches, pickles or pig-iron are for sale.

Organized labor is wiser than its leader. Laboring men get together in union organizations because experience has taught them that in this way they can sell their labor for a better price. The labor union is a selling agency, just as the Orange Growers' Association or the Meat Packers' Association is a selling agency.

Common sense and experience have taught producers and merchants and capitalists the economy and profit of organization. And common sense and experience have taught the laborers the same things.

When the Steel Trust denies recognition to organized labor it refuses to the workers the very right to make standard prices for its commodity which the Steel Trust itself practices so thoroughly and defends so vigorously.

And there you have the funda-

mental reason for the growing aggressiveness and solidarity of the laboring men. They are on the defensive, and when they can they resort to the military maxim which proclaims the best defensive to be a vigorous offensive.

If capitalists and employers consulted their own best interests, to say nothing of the public welfare, they would encourage and foster labor organizations and combine organized capital with organized labor. Both would be parading today, in the same ranks, arm in arm together.

The true interests of capital and labor are identical—flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood.

Every conflict between capital and labor is economic civil war, in which both are hurt and neither helped.

Some day the men who have capital which wants to work and the men who have labor which wants to work will see the identity of their interests, and work together and produce together and sell together as a mutual benefit association.

To be in fashion, we ought to say something today about the dignity and honor of labor, and add, perhaps, something about the greed and wickedness of capital. But we prefer to sacrifice eloquence and sentimentality to common sense.

The ranks of labor have their day today, and we shall salute them with as much sympathy and as much respect as any will exhibit, but we could be ten times as enthusiastic if all the capitalists and all the employers in this city were marching side by side with all the workers and wage-earners, all beneath common banners, all keeping step to the music of common progress and common good will and common interest.

We like Labor Day. We admire and respect what it stands for. We lift a hat to its marching hosts. And we hope that some day, probably long after the grave-digger has dumped the clods on us, other hats will be lifted to far mightier hosts, marching in annual celebration of the activities and beneficent results of the one Big Union, in which employer and employed will hold cards of common membership.

The wisest economic teacher that has ever lived was Jesus.

The soundest economic rule of conduct ever formulated is the Golden Rule.

Whenever capital and labor agree to live on the terms laid down by Jesus, the world will be a comfortable world for everybody.

And what a day Labor Day will be then!

Delay Hard to Excuse

SINCE it is generally admitted that the sales tax will have to be adopted not long hence, because other tax plans will not yield the required return, why would it not be wise to start it soon and get its machinery of collection adjusted?

It could wisely be used at first to pay to our soldiers what the Government so justly owes them.

Then, later, when our foreign debtors pay us the interest, now overdue, and begin to amortize the principal of their debts, the income from this source could be used in carrying out the bonus plans, and the proceeds from the sales tax could be devoted to other purposes—improvement of our roads and waterways, for example, extension of education or reclamation and irrigation.

It is unfair to put the veterans off when they need the aid of Government most.

No other nation has done this. The United States, richest of nations, stands alone in pleading poverty when its soldiers ask justice, though eager, it would seem, to coddle the railroads.

LABOR DAY AUTOMOTIVE.

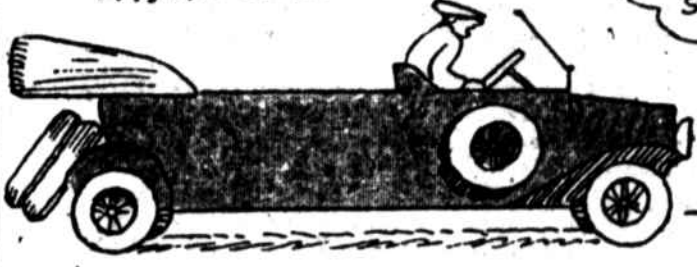
"GEE! I'D HATE TO BE THAT GUY WITH A FLIVVER LIKE THAT"



"LOUIS, I FEEL SORRY FOR A GUY WITH A BIG CAR LIKE THAT. THINK OF HIS GAS BILLS—AND ONLY ONE SEAT"



"HEY! GOT TIME TO LOOK MY CAR OVER?"



"SURE! RUN IT IN SIDE"

GARAGE

GARAGE

"THERE YOU ARE, IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW."



THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

When Howard Coffin, the automobile engineer, was in Washington during the war, initiating the airplane campaign which the Government presented so vigorously, it ineffectively, Fred C. Kelly, the magazine writer, went to interview him.

"It seems to me I have seen you before," said Coffin.

"Maybe so," said Kelly. "Grew up in Xenia, Ohio; reporter in Cleveland; got a very fine education in University of Michigan."

"Where did you live while at the university?" said Coffin. Kelly gave the address.

"I was your postman," said the wonder-working engineer.

When Martin B. Madden, of Chicago, who recently has become chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, which is probably the most important post in all the Congress, was twenty-seven years old he refused a job at a salary of \$10,000 a year.

At the time he was getting but \$3,500 a year. The Northern Pacific Terminal was then being built in Chicago, and Madden, who had grown up on the quarry business, was in charge of the work. Henry Villard owned the controlling interest in the Northern Pacific, took a shine to the young man and offered him a vice presidency at the salary named.

But Madden saw a partnership in the quarry just ahead. It worked out as he planned. He made a fortune and has won public honors. He believes that his exercise of sufficient self-control to resist temptation worked out to his profit.

Rufus Woods is the publisher of a newspaper at Wenatchee, Wash. He prints in his paper every day a syndicated strip of comics which are drawn by George McManus, whose habitat is on Columbus circle, in New York city.

This aloofness of the artist is not, however, grasped by all the subscribers to Mr. Woods' newspaper, and the other day one of them, of feminine persuasion, came into his office, spoke right out plain and said to him that she would forfeit him if he did not quit drawing pictures of her and putting them in the paper.

Woods has invited McManus to visit him in Washington. (Copyright, 1921.)

THE HEART.

It appears that a broken heart is not a mere figure of speech but an actual physiological possibility. Dr. J. Strickland Goodall, British heart specialist, states that he has seen an animal rupture its heart through joy and has been able to work out the mechanism of the broken heart. What happens is that the waste products from a violent emotion pour into the heart, stimulating that organ's nerves and contracting the blood vessels and this causes the heart to beat against a suddenly increased resistance. It may break in the effort. There are minor degrees of heart-break and a pain over the heart may mean the actual rupture of a few fibers. Ordinary emotions produce much greater heart wear and tear than ordinary work. In a recent test a man aroused to rage had his heart action increased from its normal effort of 152 foot-pounds per minute to 224 foot-pounds. The heart overwork from a very violent emotion may continue a considerable time. In a survey of sudden deaths brought to his knowledge in twenty years Dr. Goodall has been particularly impressed by (1) the fact that emotion killed many more than hard work, (2) the large number of doctors who died suddenly and (3) the great number of people who died at railway stations.

Mr. B. Baer

LOVE AND KISSES.

CHICAGO again cracks open fine bowl of judicial hash. Lake lady is plastering divorce papers on her loving Joe because he kisses her without provocation.

MARRIAGES are so short nowadays that ministers are issuing licenses instead of certificates.

THIS Chicago marriage was happy from moment that Harold and Lillian steeped down aisle and yodelled stereotyped answers to parrot-like questions. You do? I do. You do? Yep. Then I sentence you to be married with or without extenuating circumstances.

THEY were happy until recent of orange blossoms turned to garlic. Now Lillian is back in front of judge asking that her romance be declared dull and void. Harold kissed her so much that she lost forty-five pounds. He was more like good pal than husband.

WHEN amalgamated married women of America read Lillian's official squawk they faded emerald with envy. Any lady would be glad to grab Harold and stomp him up to that judge asking that her romance be declared dull and void.

THERE is still chance for Lillian to retract her statistics. If she doesn't she is going to lose her sweet patootie in mad scramble for marital bargain hunters. There are million homes waiting for Harold, incomes sighing for him and limousines panting for him.

LILLIAN'S complaint sounds more like boast. It tells us that there is one man in America who thinks parlor lamp is bright light. It buzzes us that there is one citizen who prefers his own wild woman to wilder woman, and one who would rather have a woman who is a little bit wild than a woman who is a little bit wild.

IT'S too late for Lillian to cancel divorce proceedings. Harold is advertised all over works like breakfast food. He's already inherited ten thousand offers of marriage and may accept several dozen of best proposals.

Why She Wanted It. "Henry, dear," she said thoughtfully, "promise me that if I die you'll marry Jane Jones!" "Jane Jones?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "But I thought you hated her!" "I do!" she responded briefly.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office. By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—I was much interested in your recital of the trouble you had in trying to help the kid see Mary and Douglas and myself. If ever again you find yourself in a like dilemma just tell the kid you are my friend and bring him around when there is no crowd and we will eat an ice cream cone together. With kindest regards, CHARLES S. CHAPLIN, Ritz Hotel, New York.

MY DEAR Charlie.

FOR THE kid.

AND FOR myself.

I THANK you.

AND ON the eve.

OF YOUR departure.

FOR THE Tight Little lile.

WHERE YOU were born.

I SEND you word.

FOR ALL the kids.

WHO ARE your friends.

THE YOUTHFUL kids.

AND GROWN kids.

THAT THEY are glad.

YOU'RE GOING home.

AND GLADDER still.

YOU'RE GOING home.

CROWNED WITH the wreath.

THE LAUREL wreath.

THAT SPELLS success.

AND MORE than this.

THEY BID me say.

THAT YOU'LL not tarry.

OVER LONG.

BUT WILL come back.

AND DON your shoes.

AND BULGING pants.

AND DERBY hat.

AND MAKE us laugh.

FOR AFTER all.

IT IS the men.

WHO MAKE us laugh.

THAT COUNT the most.

IN THIS old world.

AND ALL the laws.

AND ALL the rules.

THAT GOVERN us.

HAVE FOR their aim.

OUR PEACE of mind.

SO WE may laugh.

AND SO it is.

THAT HE who comes.

AND MAKES us laugh.

IS GREATER man.

THAN HE who rules.

AND FAILS.

GOOD BYE.

AND MAY you soon come back.



Cheaper Sugar, Dearer Potatoes

CHEAPER sugar is coming, VERY CHEAP.

Holders are getting tired of hanging on. It is predicted that the flood will soon burst. In Cuba two million tons of sugar are stored, two thousand eight hundred million pounds (2,800,000,000) more than at the same time last year. The buyers' turn seems to be coming.

The potato crop is one hundred million bushels short. Prepare for high prices. Speculators that bought up crops in advance for \$2 a barrel will make the profit. Farmers that raise the potatoes will get least. It anybody could change that system he would help the general situation.

Official Announcement.

Every man may make 200 gallons of wine per year in his own house, for his own use, and pay no tax. That will settle the prohibition problem for many. Plain light red and white wine is at least not deadly. See the French and Italians that have drunk it for two thousand years. The wine rule ought to send thousands of families to the country, where grapes can be grown. That would be a good thing for family health. Don't forget to mix water with the wine.

Japanese say, unofficially, that the Yap and Shantung questions are settled. Shantung is the business of China and of the world's conscience—poor outlook for China. Yap is OUR business, and the President will not forget it. We don't want to fight about anything if we can help it—our one-dollar-a-year patriots are rather expensive warriors—ask the Shipping Board and the Aircraft crowd.

But it would be possible to make Japan understand, in a friendly way, that while she holds Yap we must, much to our regret, keep up a certain degree of armament, just enough not to bother us much, but enough to bankrupt Japan in the long run if she is foolish enough to imitate us.

Nineteen corporations, forty-four individuals, are indicted for a conspiracy to put up the price of cement. The individuals indicted are accused of checking building, increasing costs by illegal acts.

How can the thing be properly adjusted? If you could force cement makers into cut-throat competition, which you probably could NOT do, you would ruin the industry, and soon one or two big survivors could fix any price they chose after starving out the smaller concerns.

Will it not be necessary, eventually, for the people through the Government to decide what is a FAIR PRICE and a FAIR profit and obtain real results by price regulation? Is price regulation of commodities so terrible? We have it on gas bills, here and there on railroad rates, on post office and telephone charges. Why not on cement?

Peleki, once Premier of Hungary, thinks undeveloped oil wells may put Hungary on her feet, financially. Let us hope they will. In Hungary the government undoubtedly will do its best to unearth the hidden wealth, and try to see that the ordinary people get some of it. They have learned a lesson there from the war.

Who could possibly estimate the amount of undeveloped wealth that lies below the ground in THIS country? And who could exaggerate the indifference of the Government to that untouched mine of prosperity? How easily some of the idle men could be put to work. And how rapidly a few intelligent men at the top would get hold of it and control of it if the wealth were made available. This is a good country for a very smart man. The other kind, sometimes, have trouble.

This winter New York City expects to see five hundred thousand idle, and bitter. Other cities will have their thousands. So committees are formed, and there is talk about charity organization relief. But charity organization, with 40 per cent or more for expenses, and 60 for the rest will not do. Common sense would employ the idle. There is work that needs to be done and the idle should be put at it. We employed every man, woman and child early enough in war, when France and England were in danger. Why can't we do the same in peace, with our own people in danger—of hunger at the bottom and other trouble at the top?

Germany announces that she has paid a thousand million gold marks, about two hundred and fifty million dollars in gold, to the Allies. She had to take sixty million dollars from her gold reserve. One hundred and ninety millions apparently was "earned" gold. The Germans, with practically all their men at work, seem to know how to come back after a war, even with an indefinite number of billions in indemnity charges added to war loss.

Why not import a few German managers just to offer suggestions? We're all at peace now. Give the Germans our raw materials and the market, and what would such management as theirs accomplish here!

To a Bride

By Angela Morgan

YOU are a finger ring worn upon the hand of the Almighty To remind Him of happiness He has promised the planet earth. Through storm and terror, Devastation and trampling war, Through threatening night and ever hopeful morn, You like a diamond, flashing on His finger! You speak of splendor in the midst of chaos; You, like a pledge that never shall be broken—God smiles and awaits His time. Copyright, 1921, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.